

I brak not his comaundement,
for to purchase his good wil.
It was hard for to come thertil,
his mercy was to fer bihinde;
I wepte, for I ne might it finde.
I compleyned and sighed sore,
And languissched evermore,
for I durst not over go
Unto the rose I loved so.
Thurghout my deming outerly,
Than had he knowlege certainly,
That Love me ladde in sich a wyse,
That in me ther was no feyntyse,
falsheed, ne no trecherye,
And yit he, ful of vilanye,
Of disdeyne, and cruelte,
On me ne wolde have pite,
his cruel wil for to refreynen,
Though I wepe alwey, and compleyne.

WHILE I was in this torment,
were come of grace, by God
sent,
fraunchyse, and with hir Pite
fulfild the botoun of bountee.
They go to Daunger anon/right

To forther me with al hir might,
And helpe in worde and in dede,
for wel they saugh that it was nede.
first, of hir grace, dame Fraunchyse
hath taken word of this emprise:

SHE seide: Daunger, gret wrong ye do
To worche this man so muche wo,
Or pynen him so angerly;

It is to you gret vilany.
I can not see why, ne how,
That he hath trespassed ageyn you,
Save that he loveth; wherfore ye shulde
The more in chere of him holde.
The force of love makith him do this;
Who wolde him blame he dide amis?
He leseth more than ye may do;
his peyne is hard, ye may see, lo!
And Love in no wyse wolde consente
That he have power to repente;
for though that quik ye wolde him sloo,
fro Love his herte may not go.
Now, swete sir, is it your ese
him for to angre or disese?
Alas, what may it you avaunce
To doon to him so greet grevaunce?
What worship is it agayn him take,
Or on your man a werre make,
Sith he so lowly every wyse
Is redy, as ye lust devyse?
If Love hath caught him in his lace,
You for tobeie in every caas,
And been your suget at your wille,
Shulde ye therfore willen him ille?
Ye shulde him spare more, alout,
Than him that is bothe proud and stout.
Curtesye wol that ye socour
hem that ben meke undir your cure.
his herte is hard, that wole not meke,

Whan men of mekenesse him biseke.

WHAT is certeyn, seide Pite;
We see of te that humilitee
Bothe ire, and also felonye
venquisseth, and also melancolye;
To stonde forth in such duresse,
This crueltee and wikkednesse.
Wherfore I pray you, sir Daungere,
for to mayntene no lenger here
Such cruel werre agayn your man,
As hoolly youre as ever he can;
Nor that ye worchen no more wo
On this caytif that languissith so,
Which wol no more to you trespassse,
But put him hoolly in your grace,
his offense ne was but lyte;
The God of Love it was to wyte,
That he your thral so gretly is,
And if ye harm him, ye doon amis;
for he hath had ful hard penaunce,
Sith that ye refte him thaquentyaunce
Of Bialacoil, his moste joye,
Which alle his peynes might acowe.
He was biforn anyoyed sore,
But than ye doubled him wel more;
for he of blis hath ben ful bare,
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare.
Love hath to him do greet distresse,
He hath no nede of more duresse.
Voideth from him your ire, I rede;
Ye may not winnen in this dede.
Makith Bialacoil repaire ageyn,
And haveth pite upon his peyn;
for fraunchise wol, and I, Pite,
That merciful to him ye be;
And sith that she and I accorde,
have upon him misericorde;
for I you pray, and eek moneste,
Nought to refusen our requeste;
for he is hard and fel of thought,
That for us two wol do right nought.

DAUNGER ne might no more endure,
He meked him unto mesure.
I wol in no wyse, seith Daungere,
Denye that ye have asked here;
It were to greet uncurtesye.
I wol ye have the companye
Of Bialacoil, as ye devyse;
I wol him letten in no wyse.
To Bialacoil than wente in hy
fraunchyse, and seide ful curteisly:
Ye have to longe be deignous
Unto this lover, and daungerous,
fro him to withdrawe your presence,
Which hath do to him grete offence,
That ye not wolde upon him see;
Wherfore a sorowful man is he.
Shape ye to paye him, and to plesse,
Of my love if ye wol have ese.
fulfil his wil, sith that ye knowe
Daunger is daunted and brought lowe
Thurgh help of me and of Pite;
You thar no more afered be.

SHAL do right as ye wil,
saith Bialacoil, for it is skil,
Sith Daunger wol that it so be.

FRAN fraunchise hath him sent to me.
Bialacoil at the beginning
Salued me in his coming.
No straungenes was in him seen,
No more than he ne had wrathed been.
His faire semblaunt than shewed he me,
And goodly, as aform did he;
And by the honde, withouten doute,
Within the hays, right al aboute
He ladde me, with right good chere,
Al environ the vergere,
That Daunger had me chased fro.
Now have I leve overal to go;
Now am I raised, at my devys,
fro helle unto paradys.

THUS Bialacoil, of gentillesse,
Thus alle his peyne and besinesse,
With alle his grace, and of grace,
hath shewed me, only of grace,
The estres of the swote place.
Sith the rose, whan I was nigh,
Was gretter woxen, and more high,
Fresh, rody, and faire of hewe,
Of colour ever yliche newe.

And whan I had it longe seen,
I saugh that through the leves grene
The rose spredde to spanishing;
To sene it was a goodly thing.
But it ne was so spred on brede,
That men within might knowe the sede;
for it covert was and enclose
Bothe with the leves and with the rose.
The stalk was even and grene upright,
It was theron a goodly sight;
And wel the better, withouten wene,
for the seed was not ysene.
ful faire it spradde, God it blesse!
for suche another, as I gesse,
Horn ne was, ne more vermayle.
I was abawed for merveyle,
for ever, the fairer that it was,
The more I am bounden in Loves laas.

LONGE I abood there, soth to
saye,

Til Bialacoil I gan to praye,
Whan that I sawe him in no wyse
To me warnen his servyse,
That he me wolde graunte a thing,
Which to remembre is wel sitting;
This is to sayne, that of his grace
he wolde me yve leyser and space
To me that was so desirous
To have a kissing precious
Of the goodly freshe rose,
That swetely smelleth in my nose;
For if it you displesed nought,
I wolde gladly, as I have sought,
have a cos therof freely
Of your yeff; for certainly
I wol non have but by your leve,
So loth me were you for to greve.

HE sayde: frend, so God me spede,
Of Chastite I have suche drede,
Chou shuldest not warned be for me,
But I dar not, for Chastite.
Agayn hir dar I not misdo,
for alwey biddeth she me so
To yve no lover leve to kisse;
for who therto may winnen, ywis,
He of the surplus of the pray
May live in hope to get som day.
for who so kissing may attayne,
Of loves peyne hath, soth to sayne,
The beste and most avenaunt,
And earnest of the remenaunt.

Of his answer I syghed sore;
I durst assaye him tho no more,
I had such drede to greve him ay.
A man shulde not to muche assaye
To chafe his frend out of mesure,
Nor put his lyf in aventure;

for no man at the firste stroke
Ne may nat felle down an oke;
Nor of the reisis have the wyne,
Til grapes rype and wel afyne
Be sore empressid, I you ensure,
And drawn out of the pressure.
But I, forpeyned wonder stronge,
Thought that I abood right longe
Aftir the kis, in peyne and wo,
Sith I to kis desyred so:

Til that, rewing on my distresse,
Ther to me Venus the goddesse,
Which ay werreyeth Chastite,
Came of hir grace, to socoure me,
Whos might is knowe fer and wyde,
for she is modir of Cupyde,
The God of Love, blinde as stoon,
That helpith lovers many oon.
This lady brought in hir right hond
Of brenning fyr a blasing brond;
Wherof the flawme and hote fyr
Hath many a lady in desyr
Of love brought, and sore het,
And in hir servise hir hertes set.

THIS lady was of good entayle,
Right wondirful of apparayle;
By hir atyre so bright and shene,

Men might perceyve wel, and sene,
She was not of religioun.
Nor I nil make mencion
Nor of hir robe, nor of tresour,
Of broche, nor of hir riche attour;
Ne of hir girdil aboute hir syde,
for that I nil not long abyde.
But knowith wel, that certeynly
She was arayed richely.
Devoid of pryde certeyn she was.

O Bialacoil she wente a pas,
And to him shortly, in a clause,
She seide: Sir, what is the cause
Ye been of port so daungerous
Unto this lover, and deynous,
To graunte him nothing but a kis?